

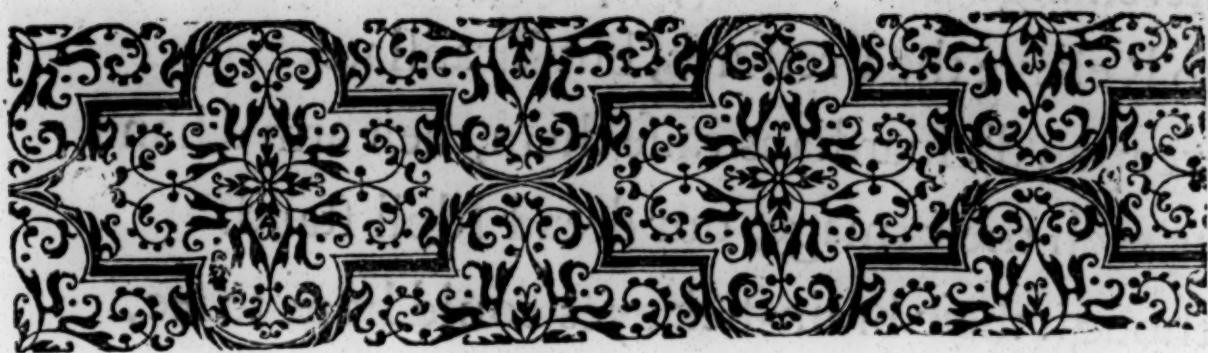
TO THE
KINGS
MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTY.

TO THE

RECEIVING

OFFICE

OF THE



TO THE
K I N G S
 MOST EXCELLENT
M A J E S T Y.



GR E A T *Prince* of *Cares* and *Us*, by dark
 Fates hurld,
 Round each false Corner of the treach'-
 rous World;

Our doubtfull Joyes and Sighs distracted be,
 Whether We first Bewaile or Welcome Thee.
 Whose *wandering* Feet can scarce that Soil disclose,
 Which hath not bred, or else increas'd Thy woes.

Or Thee, or Thine, each Nation did enfold.

So wide a Ruine no one Clime could hold.

At Home, were drawn to most extensive length,
 The Shafts of all our Stratagems and Strength,
 'Gainst Thy soft Bosome; when, to cruell Times,
 But to be born our Prince, was all Thy Crimes.

When such, whose hands were stain'd in Sacred Gore,
 And must secure past Ills, by acting more;

By

By interchanged mischiefs grasp the State :
 Not to Relieve the Pressures, but Translate.
 Our weapon'd Guardians raise them, their arm'd hand,
 Makes each their Image, our dread Idoll stand.
 And though their brain-sick eyes could hope to see,
 No dawn of Cure, no *Hellebore* but Thee.
 Thou the sole Anchor of a floating Rout,
 Art still as Anchors are, alone cast out.

Abroad, thy griefs do their cold Friendships prove,
 Who welcome now Thy Stay, streight Thy Remove.
 It doth more grievous to a Guest befall,
 To be Dislodg'd, then not Receiv'd at all.
 If once a bold Usurper do pretend,
 To thunder Menaces, or be their Friend ;
 Thy frail Allyes, on Thy Reception frown,
 And a Confederate-Rebel weighs Thee down.
 Thou must take wing afresh, a politick spight,
 Makes Thee to fly, ev'n from Thy place of Flight.
 O where have then Thy carefull dayes been spent.
 Whose very Exile suffer'd Banishment !
 But being now return'd our *Numerous* Prince,
 By Birth, and Vertues first, by sufferings since.
 May Peace her Olive to thy Scepter bring,
 And *England* know no *Halcyon* but her King.
 Thy Sacred Father in thy memory weare
 Piously firm, but not too sadly there.
 No mean Unequall blood discount His Fate :
 Let Veins despaire, Seas cannot expiate.

May Loyall Breasts with unrevolting breath,
 Attone Thy wrongs, and his more clamorous death;
 Live men Thy sacrifice; the slaughterd Foe
 Is a Friend lost : Subjects take Vengeance so.

Camillus thus his injuries brake through,
 And came at once *Romes* blush, and Rescue too.
 No Crimson-guilty Streams, nor innocent gore,
 Do tyde our Sea-toft Prince back to his Shore;
 What lingring time long wisht, but could not see,
 Wrought by Thy martyr'd Sire, nor yet by Thee.
 What Birth, nor Brains, Treasure, nor Force could do,
 Our kind Necessity hath rais'd Thee to.
 And You attain your long disputed height,
 A Glorious Conqueror without a Fight.

But though our Tears confesse, and sign it true,
 That our own streights and wrongs have righted You;
 Yet do those forcing streights extort no more,
 Then what our generall Groans implor'd before.
 For though we shiver in a thousand Rents,
 Of querulous Sects, and unappeas'd intents :
 Yet in this one we center, and agree ;
 We still request a King, and that King, Thee.
 Come then and bind us up with tender hands,
 O Thou the Balsome of these bleeding Lands.
 Ore-look the false, by Prospect on the True ;
 And let the Many, expiate the Few.

Had You by Forreign Strengths regain'd Your Right,
 You might at once Restore us, and Affright.

For Spanish Aides, had scarce the credit won,
Of Spanish Succours, but Invasion.

Your wisht Approach it self might so, amate,
And Your Return had seem'd *Our Eighty Eight*.

Our hopes Restorer *France* did fear to be,
And *Spain* though Hospitable; was not He.

Renowned *Monck* alone to Us, and You;

Is *France*, and *Spain*, and these three Kingdoms too.

With what Amazement our lost Phanfies burn,

At this Your ænigmaticall Return,

Mysterious Prince! three Kingdoms long disdain,

And now their Jubilee; their Cure, and Pain.

Nor could the Issue lesse at length appear,

When we recount Your preservation here;

When at a Miracles expense, You show,

Whole Care You were, ev'n in Your Overthrow.

When *Worcsters* hapless day proclaim'd it true,

That to Escape, was more then to Subdue.

Success crowns Rebel-fame, Yours higher flies,

Nor are You Fortunes minion, but the Skies.

When *Tarquin* had receiv'd his exil'd Fate,

Not *Porfena* his Royall Advocate,

Nor potent Armes his Restoration shape;

Oppos'd by his own Pride, and *Lucrece* Rape.

His Armies, are by Armies overcome.

And *Porfena's* grave Legats reason'd home:

In Fights or Parleys still they disagree;

He struggling to be King, *Rome* to be free.

How

How different are these Sames ! Your exiles friend,
 Princes nor Aides, nor Intercessors send.
 You use no Advocate, but mild Delay :
 And we no Freedom find, but to Obey.

After Your tiring Exile, we disclose,
 You do Return the Prince we did Expose :
 And in Your tempted Pilgrimage, we find,
 That you have chang'd your Aire, but not your Mind,

While to their wants, or weakness, most become
 Tame Profelytes, and to Impatience some,
 Thy breast was proof 'gainst all, & rais'd Thee Powers,
 To stand our Faiths Defender, when scarce Ours.
 No soft perswasive Errors bright Array,
 Nor rugged stormy Usage, could dismay
 Your fixt Resolves. You still your own sure Prince !
 Whom Wants did oft Distress but ne'r Convince.
 And though Thy *coole* Revolt might soon have lead;
 Thy Ravisht Crowns to Thy Rejected head.
 Those beckning Gems want Lustre to allure,
 Nor seem'd it great to Raign, but to Endure.

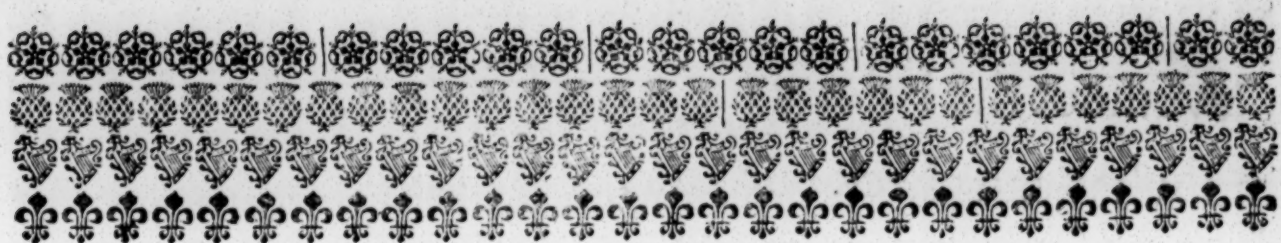
And now, though to be King is dignity,
 Next Heavens transcendent Charter, great and high,
 Yet some, in Forraign Empires seem thy Peer,
 And justly challenge Kingdoms, as You here.
 Others Usurpe, their panting Nations Lords,
 And carve out guilty Scepters with their Swords.
 And though Injustice difference their Claim,
 Yet All are Kings, and therein are the same.

But by a madding People chas'd away,
 And mad again, till they restore Thy sway.
 Woed to a Crown, and Courted to a Throne,
 There you are Prince ; there You are King alone.
 • Let more Imperious Potentates rejoyce,
 To be their Subjects Sovereigns, Thou their Choice.

MARTIN LLUELYN

M. D. Coll. Lond. socius.

TO



TO HIS HIGHNESSE
THE
D U K E
O E
Y O R K E.

Heroick Prince,



OUR bright Return doth equall glories reare,
To what You still return a Conquerer.

Nor hath your Sword abroad more Terrors won,
Then Your Renown hath Conquer'd hearts at home
Hence You create like cheerfull comforts here,
As when you did with safety Disappeare.
And ballance Times aright, the Blisse is one,
To travaile Home, and be securely Gon.
This only difference we must avow,
That what were then but Joyes, are Triumphs now.
Fear in our hearts, kept our Expressions low ;
And though we did Rejoyce, we durst not Show.

C

Our

Our Joyes are now no Stealths, but open clad;
 Without the Felony of being Glad.

And what can check our Jo's? who receive
 A Prince, whose losse forsaken Nations greive.

Whose Vigour, now, shall Spanish Caution warm?
 And spirit grave Approach, into a Storme.

Thy Poize, must temper French Excesse no more:
 Nor from that Valour, which was Rage before.

These adverse Camps, had each the bless'd event,
 To heal Defects, by Thee their Supplement.

From whose divided Prowess either gains:

The Pondering learns Careere; the Giddie, Rains.

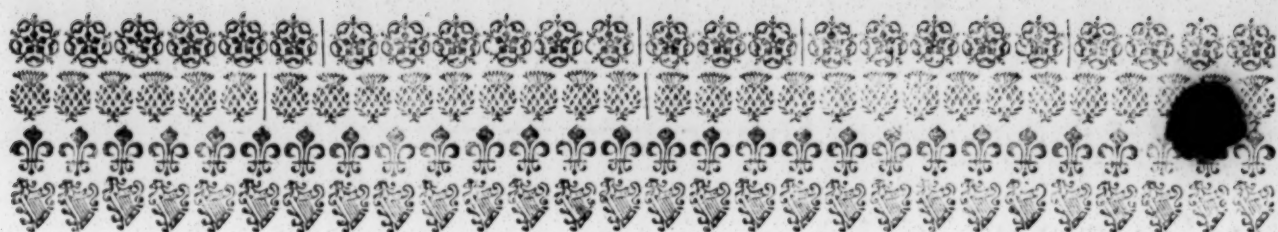
Each thus improv'd, a Peace must needs ensue.

Contest is vain, where neither can Subdue.

MARTIN LLUELYN

M. D. Coll. Lond. socius.

TO



TO HIS HIGHNESSE
THE
DUKE
OF
GLOUCESTER.

Illustrious Prince,



Hough, midst Your Countries flames
You fled exil'd,
Like young *Telemachus*, a Frighted
Child.

By soft Distinctions yet Thy flight's allay'd,
Nor wert Thou Forc't an Exile, but Convey'd.
The Courteous Tyrant will Thy harmes prevent,
And bids Thee to be safe in Banishment.
The glozing Crocodile doth fawn, and flay,
As he markt thee his Pilgrim, not his Prey.
Guids to Your youth, and wayes, are joyntly lent,
You are for Amicable Ruine meant.

Dire Monster! thus to aggravate Thy wrongs,
Like *Sirens*; by the Musick of his Songs.

This

(12)
This Friendship, yet, from that fierce Tyger won,
Well may You aske ; What mischief have I done ?
And tick Your crystal Innocence, to prove,
What Crime in You, commends You to his Love.
Dismiss that scrutiny : if he forbears,
'Tis not his Kindness, but his Surfeit spares.

MARTIN LLUELYN

M.D. Coll. Lond. socius.

FINIS.

LONDON,

Printed for J. Martin, Ja. Allestry, T. Dicus, and are to be sold
at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1660.

